Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, doe not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Here she lets fall*
Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. *the sword.*
La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue already.
Glo. Tush that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then neuer was man true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.
Weare both of them for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore deuoted suppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gratious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happines for euer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes,
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repaire to C
Where after I haue solem
At Chertsie monastery thi
And wet his graue with m
I will with all expedient d
For diuers vnknowne reas
Grant me this boone.
La. With all my heart,
To see you are become so
Tressill and Barkley go al
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then yo
But since you teach me ho
Imagine I haue said farew
Glo. Sirs take vp the do
Ser. Towards Chertsie
Glo. No, to white Frier
Was euer woman in this h
Was euer woman in this h
Ile haue her, but I will no
What I that kild her husb
To take her in her hearts
With curses in her mouth
The bleeding witnesse of
Hauing God, her conscie
And I nothing to backe
But the plaine Diuell and
And yet to win her all the
Hath she forgot already t
Edward, her Lord whom
Stabd in my angry mood
A sweeter and a louelier
Fraud in the prodigality
Young, valiant, wise, and
The spacious world cann
And will she yet debase
That cropt the golden p
And made her widdow to

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